My Lords you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath paſt
But euen with law againſt the wilfull ſonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelmde his witts?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe,
See heres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercurie*.
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweete skrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome,
Whats this but libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our vniuſtice euerie where,
A goodly humor is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay in Rome no iuſtice were.
But if I liue his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages,
But he and his ſhall know that iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he ſleepe,
Hele ſo a wake as he mi furie ſhall,
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpiratour that liues.
Tamora. My gratious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
The effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſonnes,
VVhoſe loſſe hath pearſt him deepe and skard his hart,
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts: why thus it ſhall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all.
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor in the port.

Enter

Ent

How now good fellow
Clowne. Yea forſooth
Tamora. Empreſſe I a
Clow. Tis he, God a
I haue brought you a le

He

Satur. Goe take him
Clow. How much mo
Tamora. Come ſirra y
Clowne. Hangd be Lad
to a faire end.

Satur. Diſpightfull a
Shall I endure this monſ
I know from whence this
May this be borne as if
That dide by law for mu
Haue by my meanes bin
Goe dragge the villaine
Nor age, nor honour, ſh
For this proud mocke, Il
Sly franticke wretch, that
In hope thy ſelfe ſhould g

Enter Nu

Satur. VVhat newes w
Emilius. Arme my Lor
The Gothes haue gathere